VOLUME I.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS. The brown clods quicken into creeping green . The bushed air whispers low, Bare boughs burst out in tender, misty she

On banks the violets blow; The orchards blossom sudden like a bride, And far bills melt in baze, While golden willows stand on either side Along the brook's glad ways.

Glancing with quiv'ring wings from bough to bough

The bluebird finds his mate; A trill-a dash of piercing melody-Nay, coy one, why so late? In every little wood a bliss to sing-The trembling, fluttering birds:

With rapture satisfied the copses ring, A joy teyond all words. To the light kisses of the odorous air My pulses rise and fall,

Enchanted by that timid touch, aware Of one who stirs in all. , too, am borne by influences deep; I tremble, like the rose.

sleep-For me the trumpet blows: -D. H. R. Goodale, in Harper.

Love hath awakened all the world from

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

It might be truly said that a band or music welcomed them upon their arrival, for as the hotel coach drove up to the door, Mr. and Mrs. Winsum, the sole occupants, stepped out to the tune of repaid me? See the Conquering Hero Comes," one of the various melodies with which the numerous guests of the Mountain house were entertained on pleasant afternoons.

Dark hair and eves, well-cut features, broad shoulders, five feet ten, such was Mr. Frank Winsum, who sprang first from the clumsy vehicle and assisted a little lady with golden hair, violet eyes, perfect complexion, retrousse nose - Mrs.

The bridal couple, for such they proved to be, were received with undisguised

We were getting tired of the despotic control exercised by Mrs. Vandeville, a larly her husband, a meek little man, call home?" who was a terror in his office and a slave

She had directed the social element of so completely subjugated its inmates that I fancy we hardly ventured to take

moon trip, and an event of so novel and romantic a nature claimed immediate in-

Mrs. Vandeville, who was the maternal parent of two auburn haired daugh ters, eyed the fascinating bride with cold suspicion.

"Who are these persons?" she said in glance at her fair progeny, who immedue to our families that we should find out exactly who these Winsums are before allowing ourselves to become inti-

Although fully agreeing with their troduction to the enemy completely dorse anything you may consider proper routed their prejudices, and one and all to say.' shamelessly went over to the other side anything about them.

Mrs. Vandeville accepted the situation relinquish the field without a struggle. in!" responded.

She had chosen the picturesque spots for pienies, superintended the ice cream parties, occupied the post of honor in all the rides, led the songs in a by the remainder of the party.

The picture that confronted them was sails; therefore it is hardly to be wondered at that she failed to vield gracebut on the contrary cherished a feeling avenged upon her lovely rival.

We were located at a sort of farmhouse hotel almost on the top of the Murdock mountain in Sullivan county. There were not more than forty boarders Frank, dear, put on your coat,

They were not well off, that was certain, and occupied the cheapest room in fitting exquisitely, were made of the plainest materials, here and there trimmed with a bit of ribbon, which, together with her piquante beauty, made her entirely charming. They were both brim-

ming over with talent. Frank possessed an inexhaustible fund | the conspiracy. of clever songs, and, with a good baritone voice and an excellent knowledge characters do you mean?" of music, accompanied himself to everybody's satisfaction.

As for little Mrs. Frank, she was really wonderful. She invented devicinity, and, in fact, proved positively Tragedy."

Mrs. Vandeville became sullen with disappointment, and finally declined to join us in any of our innocent amuse-

fection in public was a delusion.

nvestigation. ioned Mrs. Vandeville, whilet gentle-ner interrogated Mr. Vandeville, who been cut away. tervously admitted that he and his wife, Winsums' room, which adjoined theirs, 1,000 can whistle a tune.

SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX CO., N. C. THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1885.

considered it a duty to society to listen, and in consequence thereof had heard the most dreadful things, adding under Queer Incidents of Travel Among his breath, "It makes my blood run cold Wild Tribes. to think of it, and you must excuse me, for I will say no more."

This was enough. Several guests who still remained loyal to the Vandeville colors congregated in that lady's room at a late hour the same night, not only to verify Mr. Vandeville's statement, but also to satisfy their own curiosity.

The door of a large closet which sepa-

rated the two rooms was purposely left open, and ordinary conversation could be easily heard. Mrs. Vandeville looked virtuous and

important; her husband disgusted and abashed. A tiny clock on the mantel chimed eleven. A slight rustling could be distinguished, and the listeners became interested. Suddenly a low voice broke the op-

pressive stillness; but the confused jumble of undertones was too indistinct, and disappointment was plainly visible on every countenance. After a few moments of inaudible conversation, the voices grew louder and

still louder, until, the occupants of ment, exhibited signs of immediate be-That lady made an imperious ges-

ture, and the eavesdroppers listened breathlessly to the following dialogue: "I will hear no more, I tell you. What have I to live fer? I placed my honor in your hands, and how have you

"Indeed, Harold, I have always loved you, always been faithful to you!" "Harold!" echoed Mrs. Courtenay, the Vandevilles' dearest friend. "Then his name isn't Frank, after all!"

"Hush!" The stern voice continued:

"Oh, Marion!" "Marion!" ejaculated Mrs. Courtenay in horror; "why, she said her name was Eleanor.

"Hush!" murmured the assembled

party again. "Oh, Marion, you dare assert your innocence, knowing that I hold the actual proof of your guilt here in my hand? tall, dignified woman, exceedingly What is this letter, but an avowal of slender, with a Roman nose, piercing love for the man whom I have taken by black eyes, and an imperious manner, the hand and called friend, and who dewhich overawed most of us, more particu- ceives me beneath the very roof we both

ton, a gentle spinster of forty. must mean brother Fred. You know Mountain house for a month past, and how outrageously she flirted with him. "Silence!" said Mrs. Vandeville.

"Harold, have mercy; do not shut me a drive before consulting her as to the out from your heart. See, upon my knees I plead to you. In memory of the The new people were on their honey- many happy hours we have been together, listen to me, and I can explain

"How drealful!" gasped Miss Merton; "and they pretended to be a bridal couple," "Enough! not one word. To-night

you leave me forever." "Oh! this won't do at all," cried Mr. a severe tone, looking round her small circle of adherents. "We cannot be too ly quiet and punctilious man. Some careful. We are wives"—this with a thing must be done. The propriety of scathing look at her timid spouse- this establishment ought to be main-"and mothers," casting a sentimental tained. A departure at such an hour would be ruinous, and create disagreeable diately began to whimper; "and it is gossip. Mr. Vandeville, you must knock at these people's door and tell them all is known, that no scene will be permitted. To-morrow they will be more than welcome to take their leave; but by all means beg them to make no disturbance leader that evening, the next day an in- at midnight. We will follow and in-

The party fell in line, and in another without instituting a single inquiry as moment were facing Mrs. Winsum's door, to their antecedents, or, in fact, asking from whence a faint cry was at this instant audible.

Emboldened by this sound, Mr. Vandebut it was evident she did not intend to ville rapped hastily, and a hearty "Come

Pushing her husband aside, and drawing Mr. Courtenay by the arm, Mrs. Vandeville entered the room, followed closely

decidedly embarrassing. Frank Winsum, comfortably ensconced in a capafully to the younger and prettier woman, cious rocking chair, held his small wife upon his knee; her fair aim was about of bitterness, and determined to be his neck, her golden hair mingled with his chestnut curls as their two heads bent over a vellow covered book.

"Oh, my!" said the little woman, springing up; "is this a surprise party just enough to make a pleasant party. with her face suffused with blushes, Before the advent of the Winsums it she rattled on: "You see, we came to was divided, each clique endeavoring to our room early this evening, because supersede the other; jealous, and in we were getting up a little plan for many ways quarrelsome. But somehow something new; so we've concluded this bright little couple soon changed all it would be a good idea to arrange a series of private theatricals; but, as you've caught us reading over a playbook; you shall be taken into the secret the house. The bride's dresses, though at once; therefore,"-with a dramatic gesture--"enter all and choose your parts."

"I think, my dear Mrs. Winsum, that we already have the characters best suited to us," said Mr. Courtenay, who was honestly ashamed of his share in

"Why, I don't understand you. What

"Those of busybodies and fools;" and thereupon the whole story came out. The next day two trunks marked "Vandeville" were conveyed to the stalightful games for the children, taught tion. Mr. and Mrs Winsum became the girls the newest and most intricate greater favorites than ever, and a roarstitches in crochet, drew exquisite ing farce was the only result of what sketches of the prettiest views about the had promised to become "Almost a

Growing Gold Mines. The famous Comstock lode is still

growing; that is, the causes which produced the great vein are vet in opera-Summer waned, as the poets say, and tion, though with diminished activity. we were beginning to meet at breakfast- The lode was probably millions of years time with questioning looks and "What in reaching the condition which it had shall we do next?" written upon every attained when it was first discovered, face. No one had anything new to propose, and our social circle seemed at a all the great chambers that have been robbed of their ore might again be During the week Mrs. Vandeville filled. In all the softer ground where a maintained a mysterious silence that drift is run a movement is seen toward aroused suspicion, and presently vague the closing of it. This movement is whispers were circulated to the effect called by the miners the "swelling" of that the facinating Winsums were not the ground. In many places it amounts what they appeared to be; that their af- to more than a mere swelling—amounts to a degree of motion that is almost This dreadful rumor demanded instant startling in its energy. Belts of a pecunivestigation. As a matter of course, the ladies ques- drifts have been known to rise from the

A music expert says only one man in

LIFE IN AFRICA.

When an African chief travels he takes the whole or a part of his household with him. The simple aborigines, therefore, are apt to look upon the solitary white traveler who wanders through their country without a single wife in with him, if possible. He said the natives would respect him more, and he cept my being a bachelor."

If the traveler has no wife the native chiefs, as a rule, are not backward about offering to supply the deficiency. Nearly all the explorers have had some annoying experiences with kings who were anxious to have them settle down, marry into the royal family, and grow up with the country. Some travelers have felt Mrs. Vandeville's room, in their excite- compelled to leave very abruptly in order to escape the attentions of women who were determined to detain them as their

> Dr. Buchner, the German traveler, who lived for six months at the capital of the Muata Yanvo about five years ago, was much distressed by the deep interest with which he had unwittingly inspired the sister of that Central African ootentate. He describes her as a middle-aged and remarkably unprepossessing person of great avoirdupois. She insisted that Buchner take her for his wife and settle down comfortably as the joint proprietor of her extensive herds and fields. She importuned him so fre-

quently that he was glad to escape her

at last by quitting the country.

One of the daughters of the king of the Ambuellas, near the Zambesi river, fell desperately in love with Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese explorer, who returned to Africa a few months ago. Her eld r sister, who ably abetted her matrimonial designs, was very indignant when Pinto refused to marry the young girl. She wanted to know in the shrillest of tones, if there were any prettier women in the country he came from, and what cursing of the infidel. Their hair and sort of a man he was anyway. The Assuming an air of great indignation, was her husband, and they had better let him alone. She bundled them out of early next morning to avoid any further complications. In the picture Pinto's book contains of the infatuated young woman she appears to be quite a fine

specimen of an African beauty. Explorers have learned by experience that it is best to permit their porters to take their women along with them, even if their journey is to be thousands of miles in-length. When a carrier has his wife with him he is not likely to run away. Beside the women carry burlens nearly as heavy as those of the men. They wash and cook better than the burdens more cheerfully, and work for valuable adjuncts of nearly every expedition that has penetrated the continent

in the past ten years. Tanganyika, found near the southern whose ruler was a woman. She was a she went by a train of fifty ladies in waiting. Mr. Hore was the first white luck. man Queen Mwema had seen, and she thought she would like to have the palefaced stranger permanently near her residence. She begged him to live in her town, and when he insisted that he ren to reside in her district. The queen said she would give them houses and plenty of land. At last accounts a mission station was about to be established

ın Queen Mwena's town. The late King Mtesa, whose subjects inhabit the beautiful shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, made a unique response when a missionary applied to him for food supplies two or three years ago. He listened in silence to the good man's petition, and then sent an attendant out into the streets of Rubaga with instructions that the missionary did not hear. Presently the attendant returned with a dozen damsels of Uganda in his wake. Then his majesty informed the poor missionary that he was tired of supplying him with food. He had concluded to present him with these women as his wives. They would plant his garden, prepare his dinner, and support him very andsomely, and he musn't come bothering around the place any more. Mtesa was very angry when the missionary declined to accept this wholesale matrimonial offer. He told him to shift for himself, and the poor fellow and his comfrom the country if Mtesa's envoys to with such wonderful stories of what they had seen that the politic despot thought permitted to receive religious instruction. and one of them, who was converted, now occupies as king's sister, a position of large importance and influence among

the Waganda. On the great interior plateaus of Africa, whose inhabitants are generally much superior in mental and moral develop-

regard on either side. It is to the credit of the natives that New Orleans was founded by a com-

husbands have almost invariably received kind treatment. If they could endure the climate they had nothing to fear from the aborigines. Mmc. Tinne is perhaps the only white female traveler in Africa who has been killed. She wandered in safety among the blacks of the upper Nile, but fell a victim at last to Mohammedan fanaticism. Travelers his train as a suspicious character. They say they would often be unable are quite sure he needs close watching to prevent his running off with some of the among the most savage tribes if females of the tribe. Dr. Barth, the ex- they were not able to convince plorer, said, after living five years in the natives that they possessed super-Africa, that it would be better for a trav- natural powers. A few conjurers' tricks cler in those regions to take his wife will often open the way among savages, who would fight the explorer if they did not think he could bewitch them all. would get along better. "They had nothing to object to me," he wrote, "exfar on his reputation as a man who could take his teeth out of his mouth and put them back again. He had two false teeth on a plate. When argument and entreaty availed nothing, he had only to do the teeth act to get about everything he wanted. A chief south of Lake Nyassa,

depths of Africa with their missionary

the white man by some occult power kept him from touching them. Some petty chiefs have been in the habit of appearing before explorers and personating their sovereign the Big King for the purpose of getting a handsome present. The explorers have found a means of exposing these frauds. As a rule, none but great chiefs are allowed to possess gaudy of highly-colored cloths. If such goods are offered to a sub chief who pretends to be the king he refuses to receive them, and stands revealed as a fraud. Consul Elton carried a quantity of red velvet with him in his travels through East Africa. He says he reserved the velvet for great chiefs or impostors, and that in both cases it answered admirably. - New York Sun.

who had never seen glass, became the

warm friend of a missionary whose watch

he was examining. He could see the

hands right before him, but he couldn't

put his fingers on them, and he thought

Persiau Dervishes.

The ordinary meaning of the word 'dervish" is religious mendicant. In Persia, dervishes are certainly mendicants; but their religion does not go much beyond pious ejaculations and the beards are always worn long, unkempt, and flowing in the wind. A striking a ters heard the row and entered the hut, pearance is affected and obtained by startling costumes or by the strange she told their royal highnesses that Pinto weapons which only a dervish carries. Every large town has a shop in which are exhibited the paraphernalia of the the hut, and Pinto and his party left dervish-tall hats of cloth or felt, in | to about forty years ago, when they asejaculations or texts from the Koran); the calabash (generally an elaborately carved vessel made from a single Indian nut that will hold several pints) which hangs from the dervish's girdle by brass chains-it is his wallet, drinking-vessel, and alms box all combined. At these strange shops too may be seen carved beads in strings, each bead an inch or more in diameter; these necklets serve to add to the weird appearance of the dervish. It is in his arms that the men, endure fatigue better, carry their real dervish's fancy takes most scope. Bludgeons with portentous projections; less pay. African women have proved clubs bristling with spikes or knifeblades, steel axes, single headed or double headed, at times beautifully damascened with silver or gold; maces Mr. Hore, a missionary on the great Lake of steel or iron-with one or other of these curious weapons the dervish is coast three years ago a flourishing tribe, sure to be provided. The harvest of the dervish is at the new year. At this fesgood-looking negress, nearly forty years tival, observed with rejoicing by all old, and she was attended everywhere Persians, the dervish has a good time; every passer-by gives him a trifle for

dervish now encamps-literally encamps. He pitches a tiny tent, composed of a yard of canvas, which he pegs against the wall of he victim's doorway; he could not, she did not let him go until he makes in front of the tent a sort of glohad promised to send some of his breth- rified mud pie, and calls it his garden; he decorates the pie with oranges or sprigs of shrubs, and he shouts "Hakk-Hakk-Ha-a-a akk!" day and night, perhaps for a month, till at last he is dismissed with a present. As there is a certain glory-is it not a visible sign of wealth and dignity?-in having a derv-

ish at one's gate at New Year's time, the dervish generally remains at least a week. When he becomes impatient, real tortures commence. In addition to this unending "Hakk!" the dervish blows upon a buffalo horn. The horn is blown suddenly, viciously, at dead of night, and at irregular intervals, by an irritated dervish with sound lungs. The expected gratuity does not long remain ungiven when he takes these nocturnal solos. The dervish is permitted by custom to enter any assemblage, to seat himself at every board-a humble, uninvited, but still welcome guest. He is often a fortune-teller, at times a mesmerist or conjurer. He does, not, as a rule, mutilate himself or undergo penance of any kind, save at the month of mourn ing, the Mohurrim, when, in honor of the saints and martyrs Hassan and Housrades would doubtless have had to flee sein, he will chop his forehead with a sword till streams of blood flow over the England hadn't opportunely returned white shroud in which he dresses himself on this occasion. And in the same solemn month strings of dervishes may it hest to keep on good terms with the be seen who scourge their own bare whites, He restored the missionaries to backs with heavy iron chains until they favor. Last year all his daughters were bleed, while with their left hands they beat their naked and bruised chests. shouting at each stroke, , 'Hassan, Houssein!" in dismal chorus.

One of Lite's Calamities. When a long-suffering fisherman accidentally and unexpectedly finds a big trout has actually grabbed his hook and allusions to this fact, and so do Schwein- with hope in your eye and your heart in feved the lived for many years on the west coast, have a cow die, or to be left by a train. I effect on the bandits, who were torn to says that he never saw a negro there have experienced that, and gone home pieces by a terrible storm of lead. Scrmanifest the least tenderness toward a negress, or give or receive any caress that would indicate the slightest loving Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

The precess of a terrible storm of lead. Several of the citizens were wounded. The bandits died like legendary heroes—

Two Republics (City of Mexico).

the white women who have entered the pany of French adventurers in 1743.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

There are fifty farms in Switzerland devoted to snail culture.

In Florida oil is thrown into ponds and standing water to prevent mosquitoes from hatching.

Rockford, Ill., has a curiosity in a roung negress with a luxuriant growth f auburn ringlets. The Bank of North America, the first

established in this country and the be-ginning of our present financial system, was founded by Robert Morris in 1782. It is said that the word "natty," as applied to dress, was derived from the personal appearance of Nathaniel P. Wil-

is, who was the pioneer "literary dude." The oldest of the existing religious was established by Zoroaster in Persia about 1,200 years B. C. The youngest was "revealed" to Joseph Smith in 1827. The Chinese have a queer way of pun-

shing persons who venture to commit suicide in the precincts of that portion of Pekin occupied by the imperial court. The bodies of the offenders are brought to a bridge or some other public place and flogged. The Indian method of planting corn was to make a conical hillock, in the top

of which the corn was placed, and being used for the same purpose these hills be-came so hard that they have, in some old fields, lasted till to-day. In some places in Michigan a heavy growth of maple has sprung up since, and yet the old corp hills are clearly marked. The idea which associates the dog's howl with the approach of death is

probably derived from a conception of at Aryan mythology, which represents a dog summoning the departing coul. Throughout all Aryan mythology the souls of the dead are supposed to ride on the night wind with their howling dogs, gathering into their throng the souls of those just dying as they pass by their houses.

Keeping Old Congressional Bills. It is not generally known that every bill, every report, every executive communication-in short, everything that comes before Congress-is preserved in

the original. But such is the fact. There is a place devoted to the preser vation of these relies, and a man specially charged with preserving them. The room is a succession of fron corridors. one above the other, lined with recep-

tacles for holding large volumes. Commencing on the roof of the house, the records run down in chronological order. The books are of all sizes dowr shape and size resembling a sugar loaf sume uniformity. They are all leather-(on these hats are embroidered pious covered, and are strongly bound. Incovered, and are strongly bound. Inside of them are thick leaves upon which bills, reports, and other congressional documents are pasted in the original. Every kind of paper is there. The history of the improvement in paper manufacture can be traced in these volumes from the first session of the Continental Congress down to the present day.

It is noted, too, in delving among these old tomes that the latter ones are better prepared than those preceding them. For instance, there is evident slovenliness in the volumes of the first Congress. Improvements go on as the dates become more recent. But very little is missing in this vart collection. The first and second congresses are not complete, and there is a somewhat bad break in the continuity of the records in the years just before the British burn if the

For the past thirty years these volumes have been prepared by an old gentleman who is now nearly seventy years of age. He has a room in the basement of the capitol set apart for his own use. There he locks himself up and gives a receipt for the documents which are sent finished a volume he turns it over to the proper official and gets a receipt. The volume then goes to the place set aper

for such records. One would not think that there would be much inquiry for what is contained in the dust-covered old books, but there is. There is hardly a day but that somebody wants to get a copy of an original document of years and years ago. They are always accommodated. The old gentleman who prepares the original matter for preservation is but seldom seen. Onc of the gentlemen in charge of the iron corridors says that he does not see the old man more than two or three times a vear, when he appears to hand over thvolumes he has prepared. - Washington

Died Fighting. A wild story comes in from Periban, Michoacan. Three well mounted and well armed men stopped at an inn to pass the night. The woman who kept the five and fen cents each, when they rarely place advised the authorities that three suspicious men had called at her house. The president of the city council and the judge, with a few citizens, went to the house to see the suspicious characters. But the three men locked themselves in their room and refused to be interviewed. A crowd of citizens was collected, but when they appeared they were greeted with a volley from the three men. An and myself and wife are content and assault was then made on the room, and the priseners breaking out of the door fought their way through the crowd, using their revolvers and daggers. The crowd followed closely after the fugitives and many shots were exchanged. Finally one of the fellows dropped;

even while dying he turned over and going to Rome, he proceeded to the sta-fired on his pursuers. A second fell a few steps further on fighting hard. The third sheltering himself behind a rock. made it warm for his pursuers, and ment to the coast negroes, the men ex- shows fight and darts around and pitches | though often wounded, fought on with hibit a good deal of affection for their and cavorts, and lashes the water and scarcely enough strength to draw his rifle women. Livingstone, who usually speaks bends the pole almost double and you to his shoulder. Called on to surrender, "Very well, then, take him out," was of African women as "ladies," makes many brace yourself for the great occasion be only replied with a bullet, which re- Lord Charles' quiet rejoinder. In vain president of his nat. furth, Burton, and other explorers. The your mouth and begin to draw him in crowd closed in round him as the death iterated his former reply—a piece of adred-skinned Nyam Nyams are as noted and up and out, and just at the inex- mist was passing over his eyes. Still he vice, it is needless to say, which was not as the Zulus for their intelligence and bravery, but if any of their women are captured by an enemy they will make a fall was that, my countrymen! What him. The corpses were buried in Periback in his seat, and calmly lighted a ban. They were supposed to be a part cigar. But the Italians were not to be any sacrifice and incur any disgrace to get them back again. The coast negro, however, appears to know neither love nor jealousy. Mr. J. Menteiro, who has

> The mosquito always makes himself to hum .- Boston Star.

"THE LITTLE DELMONICO."

A Unique Italian Restaurant in New

The New York Mail and Express Bay that persons who are not accustomed to economical living are frequent in their expressions of astonishment as to how men who labor for wages ranging from seventy-five cents to a dollar a day can contrive to keep body and soul together, There are several hundred Italian residents in the sixth ward, on Mott, Mulberry, Baxter, Pearl, Pell and Bayard streets, who do not earn over \$6 per week, who never go hungry and who al-ways sleep under a roof, except in the dog days, when they repose on the upper side of the roof. Many of these men not

small sum aside every week to meet the rainy day. How do they live? As far as the single men are concerned, this question was fairly solved by a Mail and Express reporter in a visit paid yesterday to a queer little restaurant located on one of the business thoroughfares of the ward. The landlord calls the place the Little Delmonico, while his patrons designate it by the title of the Tramps' Delmonico. A number of men, most of whom wore threadbare garments, were seated at the tables, which were covered with ollcloth. The dining-room, which would seat about two dozen persons, was as clean and neat as many places of higher pretentions. The land-

only pay their way on the \$6, but put a

lord, who has served as a licutenant in Garibaldi's army, was quite affable. He entered with swelling pride into an explanation of the system by which he furnished viands at a ridiculously low rate and made money, prefacing his re-marks by producing the following bill

of fare:	
	en
Cup of tea	
Cup of coffee	388
Cruller	2000
Bowl of soup	
Fried liver	
Stewed heart	
Corned beef hash	
Donat house	•••
Roast heart	
Beef stew	
Mutton stew	• • •
Corned beef and cabbage	
Boiled pig's head	
Pork or mutton chop	
Beefsteak	
Fried fish	
Fried brains	
Pork and beans	
Fried sausages	
Two fried eggs	188
Veal cutlet	
Chicken stew	
Roast beef or mutton	•
Ham and eggs	
Half a min	•••
Half a pie	•••
Rice pudding	••
Regular dinner	•••

"You see, my friend," said the happy caterer, "that I treat my guests well. served under Garabaldi and I know what a good dinner is. I give my guests a good dinner, everything the very best, although the portions are not very large. They can dine a la carte or table d'hote, as they please. My table d'hote at twelve cents is equal to many dinners given in this city for seventy-five cents, the only difference being that I furnish my guests no napkins or toothpicks.

They are practical people and don't care about such things.

"Of what does your twelve-cent table d'hote consist?" "We give soup, fish, one kind of meat to be selected by the diner, with salad,

chow-chow, coffee, desert, and plenty of bread and butter." "No wine?"

"No, sir; this is a temperance house?" "How many persons take meals here daily?" "Hundreds. Italians, Germans, Americans and Irish, but principally Italians. Some very respectable people come here, men who have seen better days and some who are in comfortable circumstances at the present time. Lawyers, to him. He then arranges them in his stances at the present time. Lawyers, books in regular order. When he has doctors and others of that class drop in occasionally from curiosity, and all pro-

nounce my viands excellent." "You make money?" "I clear from \$5 to \$12 daily. Saturdays and Sundays we are always crowded but some days are dull. Taking the year round I make a net profit of over

\$40 per week." "How can you undersell to such a remarkable extent other men in your busi-

"I buy my meat at the slaughter house, where I can get it from thirty to forty per cent. cheaper than in the market. Beef sold at eleven cents per pound in Washington market I buy for eight cents per pound. I buy pigs' heads at two cents per pound, mutton for stews at four cents per pound, and veal at three cents per pound. I cannot give big plates, but with a large custom I can make money by selling at my prices, as a little calculation will show. is no reason why eggs should sell at cost over one cent each, if you buy a large quantity. Last month good mackerel sold for twenty-five cents per 100. I laid in a large supply, which I salted down, and can sell them at a handsome profit at four cents each. I have now let you into some of the mysteries of my business," concluded the big lieutenant. "My customers are more than satisfied. happy.

And he looked happy.

Left Him Behind.

Lord Charles Hamilton used to go about Naples attended by a large, fero-cious bull-dog. Having decided upon few steps further on, fighting hard. The carriage, the "dawg" taking up a position on the seat opposite his master. The platform inspector, with many gesticulations, declared that the bull-dog should not travel in a passenger carriage. other baggage-car and started it off. Lord Charles sat quietly smoking for some quarter of an hour, and then, surprised at the delay, thrust his head out of the window, and demanded when the train was going to start. His feelings, when the situation was described to him, 37,672,048. may be imagined. - Argonaut.

SLEEP.

My little child, holding a battered toy. Resisted slumber at the close of day, Because he would not leave his pleasan

But sleep at last seized the rebellious boy. He knew not when-nor I; his treasures

Lay all about him; no low-lisped "good

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Fell from his lips; in the fast waning light

laid him down and kissed him; that was all-Baby caresses would have touched my lips

If he had known; he would have said a I should have seen the mystic quiet there

Touch his blue eyes and rosy finger-tips. We fall asleep at eve, forgetting all

The pleasure and the pain that filled the If in our slumber we should pass away, And silence on our hearts and lips should

We should go out from our accustomed places Without regret, nor crave the life we leave. No bitter parting would our spirits grieve: We should be spared the last sad fond em-

Oh, loving friends and true, come not to

If I should sleep, and painless pass away; He whom God loves has little need to pray. burely to His beloved comes death in sleep. -Helen Erwine Grigg.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Figures often lie-in hammocks. A one-legged man will never be troubled with wet feet. - Brooklyp

Times. "Ab, that may be said to help the caws," said a crow as he looked upon the corn field. - Boston Times.

Fellows who paint the town red over night are liable to feel blue in the police court in the morning .- Siftings. "Don't you love the little birdies?" entreats the poetess. Yes, indeed we do.

but we want the toast well browned .-No matter how you may tread on it, and hammer it down, the carpet is always prepared for attack again.—St.

Julia Pease, a Vassar graduate, cultivates 6,000 acres of land in Texas. This is the biggest patch of Pease on record-Lowe'l Courier.

The inventor of a flying machine, if he doesn't soar very high, has the satisfaction of being sore when he drops .-St. Paul Herald.

an essayist, with great gravity. They may, they may; and, what's more, they generally do. - Chicago Ledger.

"A man and his wife may differ," says

"There is a balm for those that weep, A rest for the weary pilgrims found." And yet the giddy ice cream joke Continually passes 'round. If there is any one thing which the average American can do satisfactorily

it is to tell a parent how he would govern the other's child. - Boston Post. The lad who plays truant to go fishing, very rarely catches any of the finny tribe on the excursion, but he is pretty sure to

catch whales when he gets home. - Sitt

Thomas Stevens, who is going through Asia on a bicycle, will doubtless be a man of whirled-wide fame by the time his journey is completed. - Boston

"Dear me," said a lady in Fifth avenue the other evening. "How the china craze is growing! Here's a New York club that is paying \$3,000 for a pitcher. -Albany Times.

The bean has found a new enemy in the bean weevil. Hitherto the worst enemy of the beans has been the cook who has mashed them into a paste like potatoes .- Graphic.

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to his physician, "I am in a dreadful condition! I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?" "I think you had better roost," was the reply. Some of the Vassar college girls have been photographing the moon. The in-

prove forever that there is a man in the satellite. - Lowell Citizen. A little girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

vestigation was doubtless started to dis-

Detroit has a policeman who is a graduate of the University of Michigan. He was advised by his physician to select a profession that would not keep him awake nights. - Burlington Free Press.

Miss Fisher-"I really don't think I shall take part again in theatricals. I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself." Pilkins (who always says the wrong thing)—"Oh, everybody thinks that."—Life. The composer of "Put Me in My Little Bed" announces that he got ten dol-

lars for writing that interesting lyric, and hints that it was not enough. It was not; he ought to have got ten years .-Philadelphia Record. Now nature wears a joyous smile, The girls are wearing feathers, And the dude is out in his new white tile,

And a pair of patent leathers; Once more the days are warm and bright, The birds are gayly singing, And the ice cream peddler's bell at night In the thoroughfares is ringing.

—Boston Courier. 'Doesn't that man remind you of the

sea?" said a pretty girl to her companion. as a very fashionable masher went by "I don't know. How do you mean?" Oh, because he is such a heavy swell." "Yes, dear," was the quiet response "but you know the sea swell is salt. "Chawley, dear," said a lovely maid,

As they sat in the house one night,
It's unhealthy to kiss, the doctors say,
So of course it cannot be right.
Not right."

Well, darling," spoke the noble youth,
As his color mantled high,
'I never thought being kissed to death,
Such a horrible death to die.
Let's try." -Dansville Breeze.

The total population of the British Islands is 36,800,000; of the British Empire, 310,225,000; of Russia, 100,038, 342; of Germany, 45,234,061; of France,